

Oxford Democrat.

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OLD SERIES, NO. 16, VOLUME 18.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

C. W. ELLIOTT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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C. W. ELLIOTT, No. 8 Congress street, (over

the Daily Street Office) Boston, is our Agent for

the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and

Baltimore.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

To-day and To-morrow.

Don't tell me of to-morrow.

Give me the man who'll say,

That, when a good thing's to be done,

Let's do the deed to-day.

We may all command the present

But we cannot command the future.

Don't tell me of to-morrow.

There's much to do to-day.

That can never be accomplished

If we throw the hours away.

Every moment has its duty.

When the future can be won?

Then, why put off till to-morrow,

What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow.

If we look upon the past,

How much that we have left to do

We cannot do to-day.

To-day—it is the only time

For all the good we can do.

It takes an age to form a habit,

A moment's time to lose it.

The Printer's Hour of Peace.

Know ye the printer's hour of peace?

Now ye an hour ago sought with joy

Thine even fall the mill of disease.

When hadst thy Venice and thy gold?

'Tis not when round the merry game

His gambler fingers play the dice.

'Tis not when, with his lordly dame

He sits at table, and his lordly dame

The sturdy devil's tale he gapes.

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